



*Epaulet*



*Mary Washington College*

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# Bouquet For Claudia

Carol Livingstone '62

Far down the street, the Cummings' Scottie was barking uproariously and trying to get his square nose through one of the diamond-shaped holes in the fence which surrounded the Cummings' yard. This usually meant the approach of a car, but straining her steel-colored eyes behind their steel-rimmed glasses, Louisa could see no vehicle moving in the glowing street. She waited a moment to be sure that the car was not coming around the bend, then turned with a slightly impatient sigh and picked up her garden shears from the porch railing. The doctor had said that he would drop by again on his way home this afternoon, but it was almost dinnertime and there was no sign of him. His poor wife probably never knew *when* she was going to get her meals on the table.

With a sniff and another sigh, this time a heavier one because it was part of the effort involved in getting down the front steps. Louisa made her way around to the garden. Although her wiry frame had accumulated not one ounce that couldn't account for itself, she was finding it increasingly difficult to get around; and she refused to notice it. The violets growing close to the house under the white pine trees reflected some of the extravagant fury of the late summer sunset; Louisa disliked violets. They didn't seem shy to *her* at all, but rather wild-looking, like some beautiful and uninvited cousin at a party. Violets antagonized her; but Claudia was so fond of them that Louisa maintained a chilly co-existence with the flowers.

As soon as she passed the lightning-split elm, the dogs, as if by some prearranged signal, began to bark uproariously. They always did that, even though she entered the garden two or three times a day—and sec-

retly Louisa was sure that they barked louder for her than for Claudia. As she opened the high latticed gate and patted the closest of them—Anthony—on the head, Louisa had, for the first moment since Claudia had taken ill this time, a touch of doubt. Suppose she should be, well, *really* ill? No, it could be nothing. It was always nothing, always a mere recurrence of the old lingering, vague, Claudia-like illnesses. They were nebulous and incurable. It seemed almost a waste of money to have Dr. Hansen in. He always told Claudia, with that ridiculous grimace of his, "You're a delicately built young lady, Claudia. Heh." (Young! Lady! Claudia was fifty-three last October!) "Now you're going to have to relax and learn to leave the worrying to someone older. This big, strong, healthy sister of yours." (And then that wink in her direction. Dr. Hansen was getting old and peculiar.)

What was the use of a doctor at all, Louisa wondered. Claudia had been frail and sickly all her life—just built of inferior materials. As a child, she had had dozens of little fears, all of which could be counted on to bring the whole family, even the neighborhood, running to console her. Lightning had frightened her, the ice-cream man's bell, the hunch-backed flower-vendor.

Actually, the flower-vendor was the worst. One afternoon, when Claudia was ten, he had come hobbling up the front walk and had thrust a bouquet of zinnias under her nose, gibbering to her. She had had to be carried in, white-faced and screaming, and put to bed. Louisa had smiled at the vendor, though; and with frightened apologies he had given her the bunch of zinnias.

Zinnias. Louisa loved them—their dusty velvet-reds and lemon-yellows



seemed so durable in the midst of other, more fragile flowers. As she crossed the back yard toward the gate which separated the dogs' domain from the fenced-in garden, Louisa thought of zinnias. Once in her awkward youth she had said that zinnias reminded her of October moons. Everyone had laughed; but no one laughed at Louisa's love for flowers.

Whenever Claudia had been ill, there had always been flowers for her—from neighbors, friends, relatives, and later, from wistful admirers. When she triumphed, too, such as the time when she had had a poem published in *Good Housekeeping*, people brought her flowers. It just seemed the thing to do. Great sheaves of yellow roses interspersed with tulips, chrysanthemums spiked with lilies—exotic combinations of blossoms. But everyone seemed to know instinctively not to bring zinnias.

Louisa had arranged these bouquets. She had read to Claudia, talked to her, put records on the phonograph

for her, even written letters at her dictation, so many times that it was useless to try to count them. All through their girlhood, and through their adolescence—Claudia's graceful, Louisa's, ugly—everyone had commented on what a devoted little nurse Louisa was. "It's obvious that she worships Claudia," an uncle had said once, and then to Louisa. "How lucky you are, my dear girl, to know what it is to be needed."

Louisa stepped measuredly along the glittering gravelled path of the garden. She had known nothing all her life but what it is was to be needed, she thought. But the need had grown with the years, for now the admirers, the relatives, the neighbors were gone; and Louisa was the one who—along with all the other duties which she fulfilled—brought flowers to Claudia. Each afternoon, for as long as flowers bloomed in the garden, Louisa gathered a bouquet for Claudia's bedside table.

She stopped beside a clump of lemon-lilies. Claudia had said this morning that she would like to have lemon-lilies today; but they looked so fragile. Louisa knew they would be wilted by morning, and she hated the sight of those brown-dried petals in the vase in the early light. Fragility. She sniffed.

There was one flower blooming in the garden which had never been in the vase beside the bed. This was a hardy flower, an uncompromising flower. It was her own sort of flower, in a way. Suddenly, the scissors hanging in Louisa's left hand seemed to take on an animation all their own. Working strangely, the metal jaws moved toward dusty blossoms.

Louisa stood in the cool of her sister's room, which smelled, as did the whole house, of wet dogs and Yardley lavender. It was almost dark. Looking out the window, Louisa could see the pale moon on the cinder-purple edge of the hills. The dogs were whining restlessly under the windows, and from somewhere, far behind her, Louisa heard Claudia's



Summer

Jane Waln '61

shallow breathing in the white-painted bed.

"Claudia, the moon looks rather secretive tonight. Quite pale and still, but I can't help believing that it is not a quiet moon at all. If we were close to it, we should hear it shrieking—we should hear a cacophony of babbling sound, very much like those babbling sounds that peddler spoke to you so long ago. Do you remember, Claudia?" The breathing from the room was irregular, now.

"I've often thought, Claudia, that in a way the moon is like me. Round-faced and sallow, and ever so dutiful. Every night it makes its little trip across the black, and it seems very

calm about it. What a durable moon. What a good, old, fat, ugly, durable moon, Claudia. But I do not think that it is a peaceful moon . . . . Claudia. Did you notice the flowers I brought tonight? I don't think you've even looked at them. Look."

Louisa did not turn, but she heard a strange sound within the room. Then she became quite fascinated with the strange glow about the moon, just barely above the rim of the distant clustered tree-tops. It looked as if, any moment, it would explode with a shrieking melee and come showering down into the valley. She composed herself to wait for this unusual event. There was no sound at all in the room.

## FOR THIS MOMENT

*Ruth Cochran Catlin '63*

Take not from this new dawn  
a measure for tomorrow  
Steal but the Grey Ghost glory  
to pawn a future sorrow.

## CAGED TIGER

*Ruth Cochran Catlin '63*

Watch  
with jaded eyes  
The March Hare  
and slowly die—  
die for knowing more.

Pace . . .  
then pause—  
reach, reach for it  
The Sky, the White Bird—  
cooing, soft, warm,  
Hell's harbinger  
above all admonition—  
Mine and yours, Mariner—  
. . . this Albatross.

## FRAGMENT

*Timmi Pierce '62*

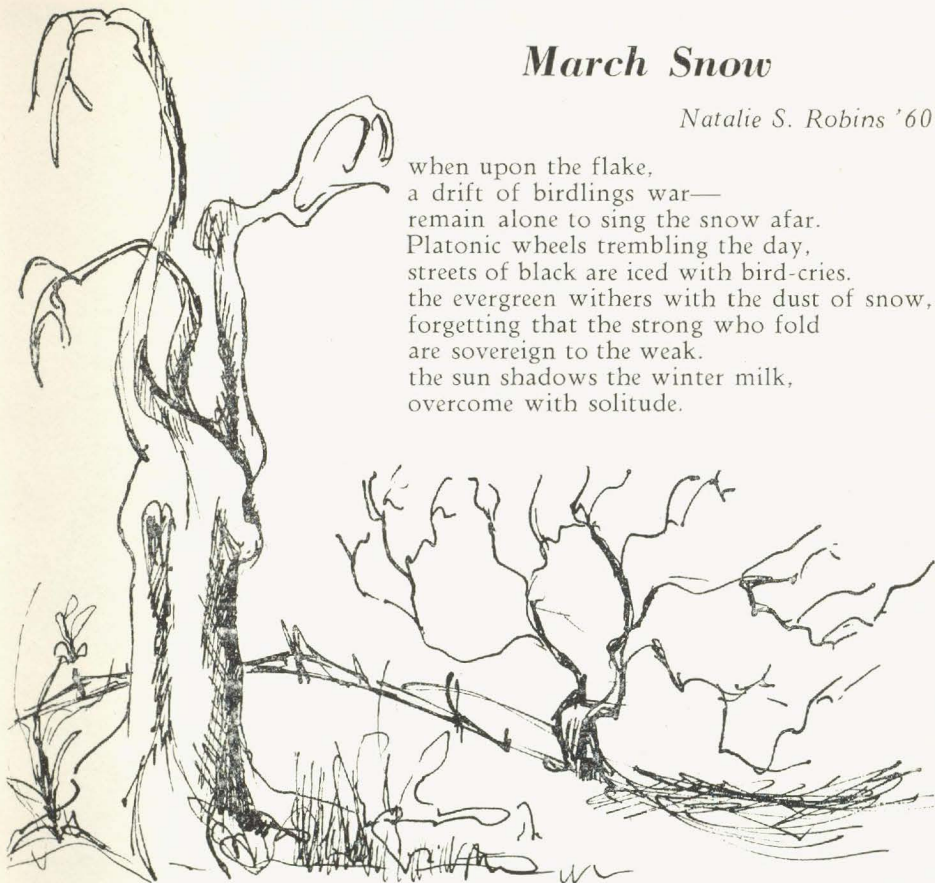
*Chaotic confusion,  
Sit you proud!  
Regency, monarchy—  
Overthrow!  
Rebellion ring my wrong!  
Death to art!  
If this be creation,  
Miscarry!*



## March Snow

Natalie S. Robins '60

when upon the flake,  
a drift of birdlings war—  
remain alone to sing the snow afar.  
Platonic wheels trembling the day,  
streets of black are iced with bird-cries.  
the evergreen withers with the dust of snow,  
forgetting that the strong who fold  
are sovereign to the weak.  
the sun shadows the winter milk,  
overcome with solitude.



## The Queen's Cry

Natalie S. Robins '60

I saw the silent sky tip over its wreath-of-violin;  
skipping past the edge of cloud, it blew dust to a shower of trees.  
the voice rocked with the concert of painted towers.  
where the child runs, the river dresses itself in frowns of love.  
where the idol-dwellers compose the afternoon's drift  
where the stream's hue greets the solace of a ray  
where the ancient meadow blends to the green flower  
there the silent sky rushes to a pale inlet.  
I saw the broad gale of season rush to the day in sight;  
crossing past a log of rhythm it drew the forest of song to rest.  
there in the hidden grove of one flake of dust  
I laughed to the violin's crown.





*Charcoal Sketch*

*Mary Ann Johnson '60*



## And Don't You Forget It

Glenn Geddings '60

"And this is why I lift my glass to you." It was actually a cup, and there was only coffee in it, but the sentiment expressed by Marc Connelly was a tribute to the drama students of Virginia, and we loved it. The place was the Virginia Museum in Richmond and the occasion was the annual college drama festival. Marc Connelly, dramatist, drama professor at Yale, and winner of the Pulitzer prize for his play "Green Pastures," excited his audience to cheers and bravos. At least, someone loudly proclaimed that theatre is important and not to be hidden under the generalization, *entertainment*. And his compliment to us was based on the fact that we are learning, working, and practicing the *Art* of theatre because we believe in its worth. We also believe it is an art form, in fact the synthesis of all the arts—where else can one find such a logical integration of music, dance, literature, and art?

Mr. Connelly also made note of the fact that drama is not a subdivision of the department of Speech—speech is only one part of drama. Marc Connelly has one foot in the professional world and one in the educational world. Therefore, his observation was not made without some experience in the matter. Too many establishments of higher learning are under the mistaken idea that giving a play is "extra-curricular activity," and consists of giving the students a kind of therapy for their academically taxed brains. Well, drama is neither extra-curricular nor self-applied therapy. It is concerned with life itself.

Mr. Connelly suggested that a healthy country has a healthy theatre, and he cited Sweden as an example. There, the theatre is part of everyday life, and it ought to be. After all, drama is not only a synthesis of the arts, it is the philosophies of men set in motion on the stage. It is commendable that a people thinks enough of its cultures, its way of life, its thoughts, to insure the continuation and maintenance of its many theatres. In this country there is but one subsidized theatre, the Barter Theatre in Virginia. We evidently do not think enough of our own culture to make it live through the main performing art.

Theatre is created by man and is about man and his relationships to other men, to nature, and to his God. This is more than just entertainment. Why are playwrights, actors, and all people connected with theatre condemned by legislators, clergymen, and "good" citizens for revealing the truths of our times? Mr. Connelly seemed to think *fear* was the key word. Criticism is most forceful in the visual state. Many of the above "citizens" can see themselves parading in front of their own eyes. The mirror is held up, and it only tells the truth.

Most of all, the world of the drama is a magical world. It is magical truth that makes this world as exciting as it is. In the brief space of time that a production is witnessed and performed, the audience become gods watching the follies, the grandeur, the wisdom and weaknesses of men. But we are not the unfeeling gods of Olympus. We laugh and cry with these men who call themselves actors. We love them or hate them as the action is unfolded before us. Our great plays are ageless because the desires and struggles of our gods and men are still basically the same. This is the truth of the theatre—it is life. This is the magic of theatre—its presentation is bigger than life.

When we can cure our ailing theatre by opening closed minds to feel the importance of nourishing the House of Mankind, we might truly begin to recognize



what life is. The Greeks knew, the Elizabethans knew, and today the Swedes know what human love and laughter are. They had and have a chance to express themselves actively, and to see themselves accurately.

These are the things we as drama students are trying to learn and accomplish. It is vitally important that we learn all we can about the world around us. Then we must work and produce. All we need is the encouragement of a man like Marc Connelly, who told us things we already know, but who made us feel that our work is not in vain nor for play, but for living.

### from the plain girl

*Pat Berhman '60*

And when I heard him on the yellow winds  
And came and sought his lean and faunish arms,  
Lips of melted warmth and trembling limbs  
Whispered of his wild and earthless charms.  
In words of quiet shine from sunny days  
He told me I should have his luted song  
But if I loved or held his bolted ways,  
Dry-eyed and yellow-eyed, he would be gone.

And when I saw myself in yellow eyes  
And felt his hair which had just of the wind,  
Remembering, I smothered heartfelt cries  
To dream again of hushed and howling wind  
And watch him flee to dazzled senseless height  
Drying my heart to cold and yellow night.

### sonnet

*Alice Schneider '61*

Sheltered by a black and crumbling wall,  
Crouched upon the littered, beaten ground,  
It offers filthy air its signal call  
And grimaces to hear the answering sound.  
By coded word and gesture does it thrive  
To watch with gleaming eyes the cancelled light.  
Its faith is that its Secret Law survive,  
Manifested in the fears of night.  
Foul shadows echo now an infant's cry,  
A child the crusted walls have not yet seen,  
Whose readied shirt is dipped in midnight dye,  
Whose closed eyes have viewed the dismal scene.  
Predestination moves through tainted air  
Destroying with its fumes even despair.

# Excerpt From a Novel

Rebecca Blevins '62

Paula Petersen swished her hands lazily in the warm dishwater as she watched out her kitchen window into the back yard, where her child was playing in a sunny pile of sand. The heat of almost-noon spread itself thickly around the room. Sunlight poured in through the open window and clung to Paula's arms and face. She thought vaguely that Ingrid should have some cream across her shoulders to prevent sunburn. Paula's chest tightened as she watched the damp red-gold curls falling over the intent forehead and the dimpled hands building, patting, scraping in the sand, constructing irregular heaps and mounds—magnificent structures which, left to the ravages of wind and a few hours' time, would become only shattered, forlorn lumps in the small universe of the sandpile. It was the law of existence—perfection visited reality in small, brief moments, but then was snatched away, leaving breathlessness and despair in its wake.

A silence to which she was not accustomed broke off Paula's reflections. The thud of steady hammering and the clank of tools from her husband's basement workshop had stopped suddenly and heavy silence reigned. Paula absent-mindedly wiped her hands on her apron as she started toward the door which led to the stairs. She opened the door and paused on the top step. Silence.

"Andy?" she queried.

She heard nothing except her husband's short, nervous breaths. She took another step.

"Andy?"

"Paula . . . come down here."

There was a strange note in his voice. Paula hurried down the stairs, but stopped when she reached the bottom. Her husband's back was turned to her, and she watched his broad shoulders tremble as he heaved

short, heavy breaths. His hands and forearms were smeared with grease below the rolled-up sleeves of an old white shirt. His worn brown leather moccasins lay neatly side by side under a workbench, and Andy stood in his socks as if the ground beneath his feet were holy. Filtered sunlight from a small, high window caught the bright gold in his auburn hair, surrounding his head like a halo. He clutched a dirty piece of brown paper which looked as if it had been torn from a grocery bag, and his head was bent over it as he stared at the heavy block letters printed there.

Paula's eyes left her husband and rested on the huge wooden box facing him. Its surface was smooth and simple—plain except for a series of crude switches, dials and buttons on one end, and a narrow slot with a small wicker basket hung under it on the other. The box was taller than Andy and at least four times as wide, and dominated the room with its presence. Its smooth surface seemed to conceal an ominous secret, and Paula felt the icy fingers of apprehension tighten around her heart. She walked to her husband's side and clutched his arm.

Andy was still staring at the paper. At the top was a series of numbers, letters, and dashes, and a few spaces below was a sentence in perfect legal form, convicting a man of murder in the second degree.

Paula looked up at her husband, a puzzled question in her eyes. Andy looked down at her, and suddenly all the words he had wanted to say to her left his mind and he turned his gaze back to the scrap of paper in his hand. What can I say to her, he thought. How can I tell her about it? How do you explain a thing like this to somebody, especially somebody like Paula? It was very painful,



this giving birth to the idea which he had conceived and nourished in his mind through the past months. It was like cruelly thrusting a beloved child into a world which was not ready to receive it. His pain showed clearly in the taut lines around his eyes and mouth. Finally he cleared his throat.

"Paula, do you see this paper in my hand?" His voice was strained and unnatural, a little higher than its usual deep tone. Damn! This isn't the way I wanted to say it at all, he thought. I'm talking to her as if she were a child.

Paula sensed his difficulty and tried to find a way to help him. Failing, she kept quiet.

"Paula, inside this box is a kind of machine. This paper in my hand came out of the machine." Good God, he thought, there I go again. This is my wife, an intelligent woman. He went on. "I've built it, piece by piece, here in the workshop during the past months. This morning I put it together. It's far from perfect—I've still got a lot of work to do on it, but the important thing is that it works. It really works now, in the right way. It's sort of as if it has a mind of its own, a mind which isn't influenced by anything printed in the papers or blared over the radio or drummed into it over a period of years. This machine can solve, with absolute justice, any case which is handled in the courts today. Just think, Paula . . . no more errors of judgment, no more prejudiced juries, no more innocent men and women rotting away in prisons for crimes they didn't commit . . ." He stopped suddenly. The easy flow of words had ceased as abruptly as it had come, leaving him dissatisfied but helpless.

Paula listened to his explanation.

She at first had wanted to laugh—the whole idea seemed so absurd—but the intensity of her husband's manner had prevented it. Now she stood and looked at the box, not really believing what Andy had said. She looked up again at her husband. He was ashen, and tiny drops of perspiration stood out on his upper lip. He didn't shave this morning, she thought. The heavy dark beard was spread over his face and neck, giving him the appearance of a tramp or loiterer. It always irritated Paula that Andy never shaved on Saturdays when he stayed at home. She took it as a kind of insult, somehow feeling that he considered other people with whom he came in contact more important than he did her, because he made this effort to be human and attractive to them and ignored his appearance when he was at home with her. They had been married five years, and for four of those five years he had never shaved on days when he stayed at home. Good lord, why am I thinking such a thing at a time like this, she thought. Andy doesn't look well. She raised her hand across his shoulder and gently rubbed the back of his neck. The thousand questions would keep.

"You're all in, darling. Come on upstairs and I'll fix lunch."

Andy made no comment, but turned to follow her. As they walked toward the stairs, Paula felt a momentary twinge because the breakfast dishes were still in the sink, but she pushed the thought quickly to the back of her mind and began to wonder what was in the refrigerator for sandwiches.

Andy followed her dumbly up the stairs. She hadn't even said a word.





*"I know that architecture is life; or at least it is life itself taking form, and therefore it is the truest record of life as it is lived.*

*"Architecture is that great living creature spirit which from generation to generation, from age to age, proceeds, persists, creates, according to the nature of man, and his circumstances as they change. That is really architecture."*

And these are the words of Frank Lloyd Wright. Wright, the Great Spirit of architecture, died last April at the age of eighty-nine, but his mark upon the world of art is indelible, and his name is a by-word upon the lips of even the layman.

Wright, the name, is as familiar to the public as the name of Michelangelo, a distinction few architects achieve. For architecture is perhaps the least acclaimed and appreciated of all the arts. This is a strange paradox in an era which cries out against the "impractical" abstractions flourishing in today's galleries, for architecture, to describe its basic function, is simply the means of "putting a roof over our heads." In this definition it is the most utilitarian of arts, the most necessary, and perhaps the oldest, for man's first action upon emerging from his cave was to erect a shelter.

There is, however, the greatest distinction between the simple erection of a building and the creation of an esthetically complete structure. It is the art in architecture which we fail to see; the fact that from generation to generation, from age to age, the world's buildings reflect the nature of man and his circumstances, as Wright believes. The history of the world is recorded in its architecture. The Greek and Roman temples fell with their civilizations; the medieval castle was discarded as man emerged from feudalism; the Gothic church passed when he became aware of his physical surroundings. But from the rubble of the past the architecture of the present has arisen. We can not deny the influence of the classic column or the Gothic modes of vaulting on the buildings which serve us today. Mary Washington's campus is a nucleus of the Georgian style, and Washington, D. C., needs only toga-clad senators to complete its imitation of the Ancients.

And yet, with the world careening into the space age, artists can no longer be content with duplicating the creations of other eras. Painters have delegated the work of "reproducing" to the camera and found new means of expression in the abstractions of Picasso or the swirls and dabs of Pollack. Sculptors have abandoned the "reality" of Michelangelo for the individualism of Moore or Lipchitz. And architects are transplanting the speed, the airiness, the splendor of today into structures of glass, concrete, and steel.

Wright was perhaps the founder of organic architecture as we know it. His buildings grow from their sites, their designs dictated by the land from which they rise. His famous "Falling Water House" in Pennsylvania is as much a part of nature as the rushing creek around which it stretches.

No longer is the architect limited to the square or rectangular hull supported at its corners by heavy posts or pillars. New materials and new engineering feats have freed him to concentrate on creating an effect, on interpreting the spirit and

(Continued on Page 17)

So soft and sweet  
I love to kiss her  
And hold her feet,  
her coo so sweet  
I laugh with glee  
and squeeze her close

Spring

Linda Sheffer

Spring is here o The children cheer  
Spring is here o The children cheer  
o The children cheer so much  
o The children cheer so much



*The most artless honesty in the world of art can often be found in the creative efforts of children. These poems and the illustration with them were done by first-grade pupils at Ferry Farms School, in Jane Choate's ('60) student-teaching class.*

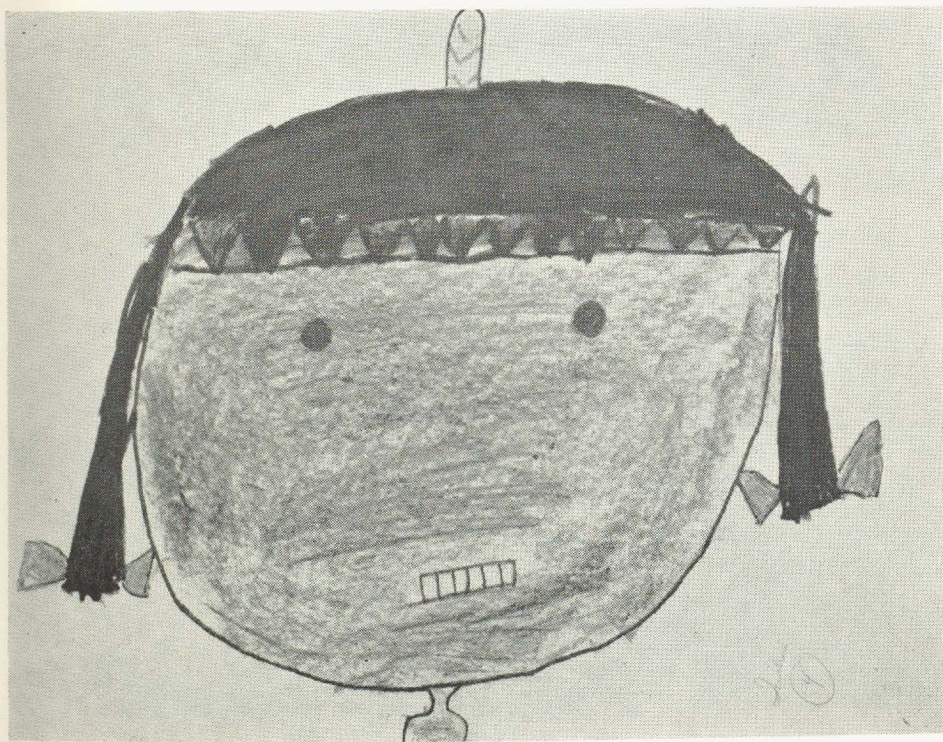
Color

Vicky Lee Townsend

Color Color  
That's all I do.

Indian

Linda Sheffer





## Sonnet

*Elisabeth Reddington '61*

The Will o' the Wisp, a lantern in her hand,  
Comes knocking each night at my heart's door  
She beckons me to follow o'er the moor  
On a way of deceit and cold quicksand.  
The steep path, worn by the hopeless rain  
Of the blind who before me she has led,  
Winds through the white, bright sand now red with stain.  
—Always the shining lantern is ahead.  
I follow it, not knowing that I know,  
On, upward, closer I come to the tide.  
Crashing noises come, louder they grow  
And we stagger on the cliff's edge, side by side.  
The lantern flickers, she flings it from me,  
I plunge into the black void of the sea.

## Sonnet

*Carol Livingstone '62*

Across the dusk-mauved ripples of the sand  
Night-creatures whirl in dizzied joyful motion:  
Now moves the first dark breeze out from the land  
To tell the latest shore-things to the ocean.

The sea has heard the crimson-zagged sky,  
And spreads the story to the greying sands;  
In rendezvous beyond the range of eye  
The hearers and the tellers join their hands.

Twilight. The muted whispers cleave in half  
Without a protest, as a raucous sound  
Besets the ears: the interloper's laugh—  
As, mug in hand, he sprawls upon the ground,  
And, sloping brow agleam in almost-dark,  
Tells of the party in the trailer-park.

meeting the needs of the age with the poetry of weightless domes and glass facades, of soaring skyscrapers and curving walls. He can float his building upon stilts of steel, lifting it above the noise and darkness of the business district into the light and cleanness of the skyline, as Mies van der Rohe has done with his House of Seagram in New York.

He can span his site with a great, curving shell of concrete faced with glass, as Eero Saarien has done for the auditorium at M.I.T.

He can suggest unending space by destroying "everything square" as Wright did in his famous Guggenheim Museum.

And from his drawing board can come blueprints of the future which stagger the mind both with their daring and with their possibilities. The mile-high skyscraper which Wright envisioned rising from the plains of Illinois offers an exciting glimpse into the future of architecture and into the nature of the civilization which one day will build it. Five hundred and twenty-eight stories high, it will feature five-deck elevators propelled by atomic power and serve 100,000 occupants.

Impossible?

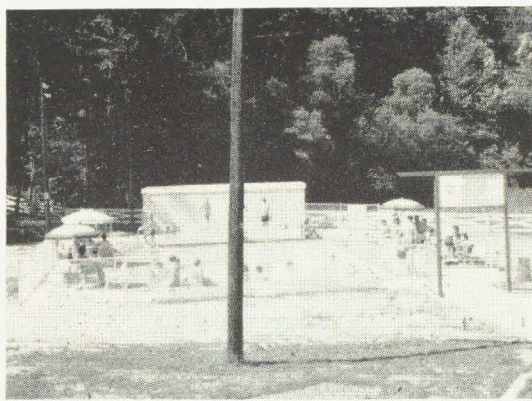
No. It is but one of the accomplishments toward which architecture, the "neglected" and unappreciated art, will reach.



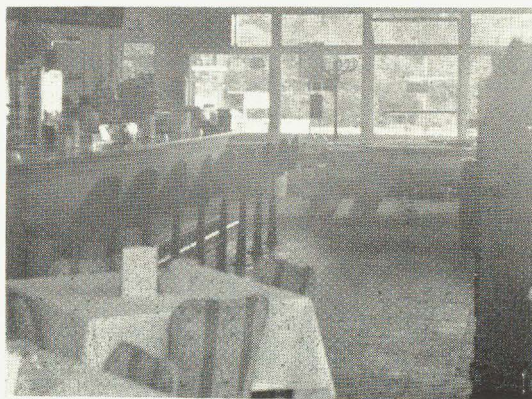
*Monotype*

*Mary Kay Rehbaum '61*

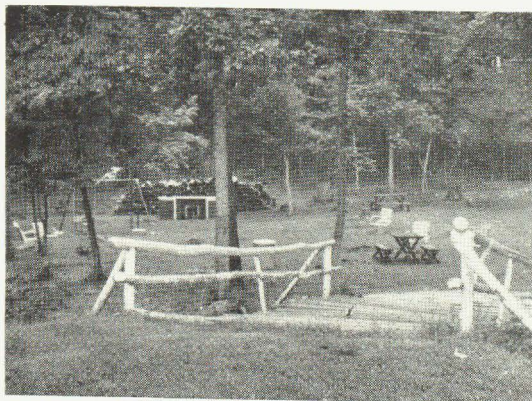




**FOR A SWIM**



**FOR A SQUARE**



**FOR A PICNIC**

# Martha Washington Inn

*or*

*just*

*for*

*nuthin'*





## ***Twi-Lite Motel***

on U. S. Route 1—Alternate  
Fredericksburg, Virginia  
Adjoining Howard Johnson's Restaurant

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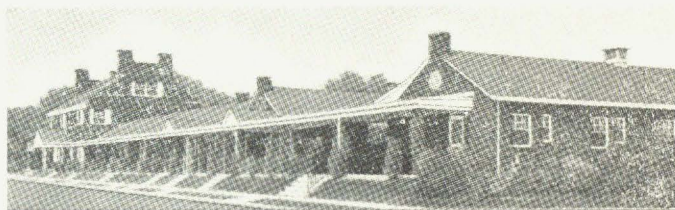
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